

A Fawcett Publication

HOPALONG CASSIDY

SEPTEMBER

10¢


NO. 23

starring
William Boyd




IN THIS ISSUE:


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HOPALONG CASSIDY

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IN THIS ISSUE
HOPALONG CASSIDY
STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD
IN
THE UNLUCKY GOLD STRIKE
•
THE ESCAPE OF THE ARIZONA KID
•
THE HAYRIDE HORROR
•
THE LAST HOPE

PLUS
ANOTHER ADVENTURE-LADEN SHORT STORY
AND
SIDE-SPLITTIN' LAUGH FEATURES

HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MULFORD

September, 1948, Vol. 4, No. 31

HOPALONG CASSIDY SUBSCRIPTION RATE: \$1.00 PER YEAR IN U. S. POSSESSIONS AND CANADA

HOPALONG CASSIDY is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Incorporated, Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. W. A. Fawcett, Jr. President; Edgar Fawcett, Vice President; Adam E. Fawcett, Secretary; Gordon Fawcett, Treasurer; Basil D. Child, Advertising Director; Roscoe K. Fawcett, Circulation Director; Ralph Dugan, Editorial Director; Al Allard, Art Director. Entered as Second-Class matter March 12, 1946, at the post office at Greenwich, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879, with additional entry as Extra-Class. By Copyright 1948 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Beginning in 1948, 12 issues for \$1.20 Single copies 10c. Free pm subscription rates should be remitted by international money order or United States funds, payable at Greenwich, Conn. All applications and correspondence concerning subscriptions as well as notifications of change of address should be addressed to Circulation Department, Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Editorial and Advertising Offices: 47 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y. 350 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. W. P. Houston, Edward L. Townsend Co., 605 S. Flower St., Los Angeles 14, Cal. Conrad S. Townsend, Edward S. Townsend Co., Room Building, San Francisco 4. General Offices: Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Printed at W. S. A.

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HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
"WILLIAM BOYD"

in THE
**UNLUCKY
GOLD
STRIKE**

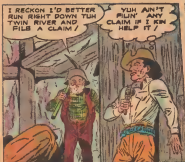
MEN HAVE
FOUGHT AND DIED
IN SEARCH OF GOLD,
KNOWING THAT IT'S POS-
SESSION WOULD BRING
WEALTH, SECURITY AND
POWER! BUT THE DISCOVERY
OF GOLD CAN ALSO BRING
DESPAIR, DESTRUCTION AND
DEATH... AS THE FAMED
SHERIFF OF TWIN RIVER,
HOPALONG CASSIDY, LEARNS
WHEN HE SEES GREED
TAKE POSSESSION OF
MAN!

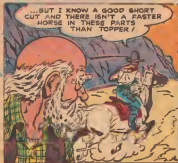
AT AN OLD ABANDONED
MINE IN THE HILLS,
JUST OUTSIDE TWIN RIVER...

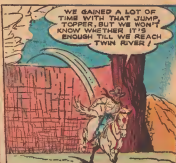
YIPPEE!
I DID IT!
I FINALLY STRUCK
GOLD!

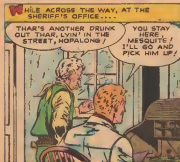
BY GUM,
I KNEW IF
I STUCK TUH
IT LONG
ENOUGH
I'D DISCOVER
GOLD!

DIAMOND
MAE AND
RUBY
JENNIE
KNEW WHUT
THEY WERE
TALKIN' 'BOUT
WHEN THEY TOLD
ME TUH FOLLOW
ME TUH FOLLOW
ALKALI HYAR!











BUT, HOPALONG, YUH MADE BOTH NOTES EXACTLY THE SAME / I DON'T GIT IT /

THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN, ALKALI / JUST DELIVER THESE NOTES RIGHT AWAY AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME /

Dear Kurr:

There ain't no reason to divide the mine up three ways. What do you say we kill off Ruby Jennie and split the mine in half. If you agree, meet me at Ruby Jennie's house at midnight.

Diamond Mae

Dear Diamond Mae: There ain't no reason to divide the mine up three ways. What do you say we kill off Ruby Jennie and split the mine in half. If you agree, meet me at Ruby Jennie's house at midnight.

Kurr

THAT NIGHT...

THIS IS RUBY JENNIE'S HOUSE /

SHE'S SLEEPING / GOOD /

IT'S TEN MINUTES TO TWELVE / IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, THINGS WILL START POPPING IN TEN MINUTES / TILL THEN, THIS CLOSET IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO HIDE OUT /

AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE, I GOT YORE NOTE THIS AFTERNOON, DIAMOND MAE / THET WUZ A GREAT IDEA OF YOURN TUH KILL RUBY SO WE COULD SPLIT UP THE GOLD MINE BETWEEN US /

BUT IT WUZ YORE IDEA, KURR /

MUH IDEA ? I DON'T GIT IT, BUT IF YUH WANT TUH GIVE ME CREDIT FER IT, I RECKON IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME / THE IMPORTANT THING IS TUH KILL OFF RUBY JENNIE /

KURR ! DIAMOND MAE ! WHUT ARE YUH TWO DOIN' IN MUH ROOM ?

SAY YORE PRAYERS, RUBY / WE'RE GOIN' TUH KILL YUH /

HOPALONG CASSIDY



NOT SO FAST!

HOPALONG CASSIDY! I'LL TELL YOU WHY THEY WANTED TO KILL YOU SO THEY COULD SWINDLE YOU OUT OF YOUR SHARE OF THE GOLD MINE!

DON'T BELIEVE HIM, RUBY! IT'S A LIE! WE WERE JUST PLAYIN' A TRICK ON YUH!

READ THIS NOTE, RUBY, AND TELL ME IF YOU THINK IT'S A LIE!



NOW I GOT IT, HOPALONG! YUH SENT THET NOTE TUH KURR AND ME SO YUH COULD TRAP US!

I DON'T CARE WHO SENT THE NOTE! THE FACT IS THET YUH AND KURR CAME HYAR TUH KILL ME SO YUH COULD GIT MUH SHARE! I'M GONNA CONFESS EVERYTHING!

I FIGURED THOSE NOTES WOULD DO THE TRICK!



THE MINE REALLY BELONGS TUH ALKALI! WE GOT HIM TUH SIGN IT OVER TUH US BY DRUGGIN' HIM!

HOPALONG GOT A CONFESSION, BUT HE AIN'T GONNA GIT OUTTA HYAR ALIVE!



I'LL TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE!



IT'S A LUCKY THING FOR ME THAT MIRROR WAS THERE!

CLUNK! OGH!



Be a SHARPSHOOTER! AIM FOR THE TARGET!

1. WASHINGTON APPEARS ON ALL #1 BILLS. ☐ True ☐ False

2. LINCOLN APPEARS ON ALL #2 BILLS. ☐ True ☐ False

3. HAMILTON APPEARS ON ALL #5 BILLS. ☐ True ☐ False

4. JEFFERSON APPEARS ON ALL #10 BILLS. ☐ True ☐ False

5. JACKSON APPEARS ON ALL #20 BILLS. ☐ True ☐ False

ANSWERS:
1. TRUE 2. FALSE 3. FALSE 4. TRUE 5. TRUE
JEFFERSON APPEARS ON #2 BILLS. 2. TRUE
2. FALSE LINCOLN APPEARS ON #5 BILLS. 4. FALSE
1. TRUE 2. FALSE JEFFERSON APPEARS ON #2 BILLS.

Bob ELLIOTT

NATIONAL LEAGUE'S
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER - 1947

WE GOTTA WIN TODAY, GANS

BASES LOADED, BOB -- YOU'RE UP

I KNOW

Called "MR. TEAM" BY HIS BOSTON BRAVES TEAMMATES, ELLIOTT'S A REAL HUSTLER. HUSKY 6 FT. 185 LB. ATHLETE PLAYS BOTH 3RD BASE AND OUTFIELD - WHEREVER HE CAN HELP HIS TEAM MOST.



A MURDEROUS HITTER IN THE CLUTCH, "BUSTIN' BOB" KNOCKED IN 113 RUNS LAST YEAR FROM CLEANUP SLOT IN BRAVES LINEUP. ALSO BOASTED .317 BATTING AVERAGE, AND SLAMMED 22 HOME-RUNS -- FOR NATIONAL LEAGUE'S FINEST ALL-AROUND PERFORMANCE.

"I'VE BEEN EATING WHEATIES - 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS' - FOR OVER TEN YEARS," SAYS BOB ELLIOTT. "THEY'RE WHOLESOME - NOURISHING - AND PACK LOTS OF SWELL FLAVOR. I'D RECOMMEND WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT, TO ANY ATHLETE AS A TOP-FLIGHT TRAINING DISH."

WHEATIES
BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

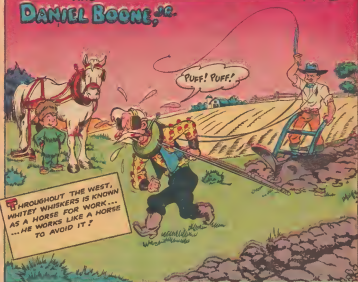
BETTER TRY WHEATIES, FELLAS



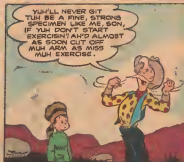


WHITEY WHISKERS AND DANIEL BOONE, JR.

in "THE WORK HORSE"









RANCHHOUSE MURDER

By Clement Gould

THE words were "I'll kill you."

Warren Mavington couldn't do much reading, but one-syllable words like that gave him no trouble; no reading trouble, that is.

They had been crudely lettered in chalk on the ranch house door. Mavington had discovered them on his return after taking a herd to market. He'd been gone more than two weeks.

A joke was a possibility. Some youngster playing badman might have scribbled the message. But Mavington dismissed that possibility as soon as the idea occurred to him. People, even small boys, just didn't play jokes on Warren Mavington. Whoever wrote the words was in dead earnest. Mavington smiled a grim smile as he thought of the "dead" in "dead earnest."

None of the hands had seen the message; that is, unless one of them had written it. They weren't permitted to come to the front door of the ranch house. The cook hadn't seen it either. He knew enough to make all entrances and exits through the kitchen door.

As quickly as he had dismissed the possibility of a joke, Mavington also dismissed the idea of calling in the marshal. He regarded the marshal as a soft fool. In fact, he had always regarded the marshal's salary as a needless expense to the taxpayers. Why have a marshal? Any man who wasn't able to take care of himself deserved whatever happened to him. That was Warren Mavington's creed.

Sitting by the rough-hewn table, gazing intently at the empty fireplace, Mavington gave serious thought to the message. "I'll kill you." Who could desire his demise? It rather shocked him when his mind clicked off the names of a dozen possible assassins in the first few seconds. The more he thought the more names he added. Presently he came to the horrible conclusion that there wasn't anybody who knew him who wouldn't gladly kill him if he could get away with it!

Jolly Brooks, the marshal, looked down at the body of Warren Mavington and said aloud, but to nobody in particular, "Shot through the head. Died instantly. Shot could've come through the window or from somebody standing in the room. This may be a tough case."

"Well," said the young deputy, who had

studied in the east and then returned to the plains, full of ideas, "it shouldn't be too tough. First we'll find out if he had any possible enemies."

"He had more enemies than a dog has fleas," responded Jolly Brooks, the marshal. "Getting his enemies together would be like a rounding up all the steers in the west."

"Well," said the young deputy, "the same person that did it was the one that wrote the message on the door. It has to be somebody that can write and somebody with chalk. If we go about this scientifically, we'll have the murderer in on time."

"Maybe so," responded Marshal Brooks without too much enthusiasm as he peered around the room.

The young deputy shared with some others the idea that Marshal Jolly Brooks was something of an old fogey. He was jolly enough. He went around with his hearty, booming laugh making people happy. But was he competent? This the young deputy doubted. His handling of this case seemed to add to the proof that he wasn't. There was the handwriting of the murderer on the door, thought the deputy, and the marshal wasn't shrewd enough to make the most of it.

He decided to go along on his own and see what he could find out. He had no intention of double-crossing his superior. He merely intended to work on the case and place the solution in the marshal's lap. He worked.

It was surprisingly easy. Who was likely to have chalk? The schoolmaster! Who could write, in this town where most people couldn't? The schoolmaster! Who had motive? Well, a lot of folks had motive, but the schoolmaster had been outraged when Mavington, as chairman of the school board, had blocked his plan for building a new school house.

The deputy collared the schoolmaster at once and gave him the third degree. (It wasn't known as the third degree in the old west but it amounted to the same thing. The deputy wore the schoolmaster down.) He got a confession. The schoolmaster admitted he had written, "I'll kill you," on Warren Mavington's door!

BUT the schoolmaster kept saying, "I didn't kill him."

The young deputy was not impressed. He knew how it was with killers. They kept denying that they had done it. He was convinced the schoolmaster was guilty. He had admitted writing the warning in chalk on the rancher's door.

The young deputy presented his evidence to Jolly Brooks, the marshal. He also presented his prisoner, the schoolmaster.

"Fine!" said Jolly Brooks. "You've got the stuff. Now let's ride."

The young deputy, astonished but obedient, mounted his horse. He followed the marshal into the badlands. He ducked when a rifle bullet zinged over his head. He and the marshal dismounted.

"They're in the cave," said the marshal. "You keep firing to cover me and keep 'em interested out this way. I'm going up over the hill."

The deputy took up his post behind a solid rock and kept shooting intermittently.

AFTER awhile he heard a yell and he ran up to the cave mouth. As he raced forward, a shot spat at him. He felt a stinging sensation in his shoulder, but he kept running forward. He saw a dark figure moving away from the cave and he shot. The figure cried out and dropped. The deputy was a good shot!

The marshal walked out of the cave, herding three men before his six gun. He took a look at the fourth, fallen before the cave entrance, and congratulated his deputy. "You winged him, boy," he said. "Good shooting." Then, after a moment's pause, the marshal added, "we got the murderer."

The young deputy was rather puzzled. "The murderer? Who? What murderer?"

"The man who killed Mavington. It's one of these varmints and he'll hang sure enough."

"But the teacher . . . ?" The deputy's brow was wrinkled. He scratched his head.

"The teacher never done it. Not in a million years," responded Jolly. "First, you take that writin' on the door. Fella that wrote it might have meant to kill Mavington or might not. But the idee in writin' out a threat is to make the other party suffer some. He'd of wanted to let Mavington worry a couple weeks or so about who was almin' to do him in, and why, and how.

"Besides, the teacher ain't a good enough shot to hit a barn door from three feet away. Bad eyesight. If he'd shot Mavington through the heart, slick as a whistle like 'twas, there'd have to be powder burns, sure enough."

"Gee," said the other lawman, "I never thought of that. I really blundered. I was all ready to hang the teacher just because he confessed writing the threat."

"You done all right," laughed Jolly Brooks. "Only I been around a mite longer than you have and I've had a chance to observe more things about people. For instance, after I figgered the killer couldn't be the school teacher. I had to find another motive. I remembered that Mavington had that fireplace, but never had a fire in it. Why? Well, a man like him might figger a fireplace would be a good hiding place for gold.

"I looked up that chimney. There was a little hook inside in easy reach. There was a little torn piece of cloth hanging onto that hook. It matched this." The marshal held up a bag.

"Mavington's gold!", exclaimed the deputy.

"Yep. These side-winders had it," Jolly continued. "They went in to rob Mavington of the money he saved and the fresh supply he just got back from the cattle sale. An' the only way to get money from Warren Mavington was over his dead body."

"But how did you know where the killers went?"

"Easy. There were hoofprints right up to Mavington's front door. An' you know, Mavington never allowed anybody to ride up to his front door. Had to be the killers. I follered them hoofprints out to where I could see they led into Black Cave. Then I moseyed back and got you. Knew I'd need your help rounding 'em up."

While the marshal talked, one of the outlaws had been silently loosening the rope that held his wrists. He slipped it off, sprang like a panther at the deputy, and swung the young lawman around as a shield between himself and the sheriff.

"Can't shoot me without hittin' him," snarled the outlaw, gripping the struggling deputy with both hands, at the same time trying to relieve the lawman of his gun.

"Don't need to shoot," said Jolly Brooks. In one bound he was at the side of the deputy. His fist shot out. There was a sharp crack of impact as knuckles met jaw. Then the outlaw sagged to the ground.

"GEE!" said the deputy. "Wish you'd teach me to punch like that!"

"Mebbe some day," chuckled Jolly. "But first I'm almin' to show you how to tie a rope."

THE END

HOPALONG CASSIDY

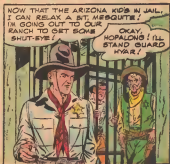
STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

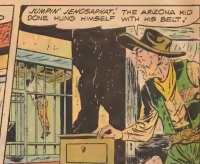
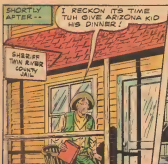
in the *ESCAPE* of the
ARIZONA KID!

LOOK...IT'S SHERIFF
HOPALONG CASSIDY!
HE CAPTURED THE
NOTORIOUS ARIZONA
KID!

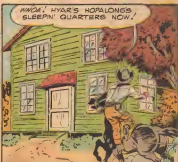
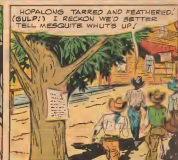
HOPALONG MAY
HAVE CAUGHT ME, BUT
HE AIN'T GONNA HOLD ON
TUH ME! THAR AIN'T NO
JAIL STRONG ENOUGH TUH
HOLD THE ARIZONA
KID!

TALK'S CHEAP,
ARIZONA! ONCE
I PUT YOU BE-
HIND BARS,
YOU'RE STAYING
THERE FOR
LIFE!





HOPALONG CASSIDY





HOPALONG CASSIDY



HOPALONG CASSIDY

THIS'LL MAKE THE TAR NICE AND SOFT
SO I KIN COVER HOPALONGS FROM
HEAD TUH FOOT WITH IT! THEN, I'LL
TOSS THE FEATHERS OVER HIM!



BUT THE UNCONSCIOUS HOPALONGS
COMES TO ---

IT'S THE ARIZONA
KID --- AND HE'S
GOING TO TAR
AND FEATHER
ME!

I'M GLAD YUH CAME
TUH, HOPALONGS! IT
SAVED ME THE TROUBLE
OF WAKIN' YUH! I WANT
YUH TUH KNOW EXACTLY
WHUT'S GOIN' ON
WHEN I TAR
AND FEATHER
YUH!



HOW ELSE KIN I L'ARN
YUH IT AIN'T SMART
TUH MIDDLE WITH THE
ARIZONA KID!



I RECKON I'M A BAD STUDENT!
I NEVER LEARN ANYTHINGS
FROM CROOKS!



SPLASH!

HELP!



THAT TAKES CARE OF
THE ARIZONA KID FOR
THE MOMENT! NOW TO
GET THESE ROPES
OFF ME!



GLUB!



HOPALONG CASSIDY



THIS IS GOING TO HURT
BUT THERE IS NO
OTHER WAY!



THERE---THAT
DID IT!



MEANWHILE, IN TOWN---

POOR HOPALONG!
HE DIDN'T HAVE
A CHANCE! THE
ARIZONA KID
MUST'VE CAUGHT
HIM IN HIS
SLEEP!

JEST THINK
OF IT---
THE GREAT-
EST SHERIFF
TARRED AND
FEATHERED! HOW
HUMILIATIN'!



RUN FER YORE LIVES! HYAR COMES THE
ARIZONA KID---AND HE'S GOT HOPALONG
CASSIDY WITH HIM---TARRED
AND FEATHERED!

HOLD ON---
YUH GOT THINGS
TWISTED---



---YUH MEAN HYAR COMES AND THIS
HOPALONG CASSIDY! TIME WHEN I
IT'S THE ARIZONA PUT THE ARIZONA
KID WHO'S TARRED AND FEATHERED! KID IN JAIL, HE'LL
STAY THERE
FOR KEEPS!



DIZZY

COMIX CARDS
appear every
month in

**HOPALONG
CASSIDY**

Follow the daffy adventures
of the DIZZY, DATIN', DUO
DIZZY and DARTS

in

DIZZY
and DARTS

EVERY MONTH!

ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL
NEWSSTAND!

Get an daffy two and four on cardboard



DARTS

Riders' Herd

WITH **WILLIAM BOYD**

HOWDY, RANGE-RIDERS. YOU KNOW, I'VE ALWAYS FOUND THAT IF I WATCH HOW A COWHAND KEEPS HIS OUTFIT IT TELLS ME WHAT KIND OF MAN HE IS. FIRST OFF, TO A REAL RANGE-RIDING COWHAND, HIS OUTFIT IS A MIGHTY IMPORTANT THING. IT GOES JUST ABOUT EVERYWHERE HE DOES, LIKE HIS HORSE. IT CONSISTS OF GEAR SUCH AS HIS SPARE CHAPS, HIS BEDDING, HIS COOKING GEAR

AND JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING A MAN NEEDS WHEN HE'S ROUGHING IT ALONE ON THE TRAIL OR OUT RIDING HERD AT ROUNDUP TIME. I CAN TELL A SMART CONSCIENTIOUS COWHAND BY THE LOOKS OF HIS OUTFIT. IT'S ALWAYS NEAT AND WELL-KEPT. WHEN I SEE A SLOPPY OUTFIT WITH THE GEAR BADLY PACKED, I KNOW THERE'S A SLOPPY HOMBRE! A COWHAND WHO DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THE APPEARANCE OF HIS OUTFIT ISN'T GOING TO BE RESPONSIBLE ABOUT ANYTHING HE DOES. I ALWAYS SAY SHOW ME A MAN'S OUTFIT AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT KIND OF HOMBRE HE IS!

AND REMEMBER, IT'S NOT THE SIZE TEN-GALLON HAT A COWHAND WEARS THAT COUNTS. IT'S WHAT HE'S GOT UNDER IT. IN THE WEST, WE DON'T JUDGE A MAN BY THE FANCY DUDS HE SPORTS, NOR BY THE PLAINNESS OF HIS LOOKS. IT'S WHAT HE CAN DO THAT CARRIES WEIGHT HERE.

ANOTHER THING I LIKE TO SEE IS A COWHAND DO HIS CHORSS WSLL. IF HE'S A SHARPSHOOTER, LET HIM BE A CRACK ONE. IF IT'S BULLDOGGING (THROWING A STEER BY ITS HORNS), TRICK-RIDING, BLACKSMITHING OR WHATEVER IT IS, I LIKE TO SEE HIM COMPETENT. A COWHAND WHO WANTS TO BE A FOREMAN DOESN'T HALF-FINISH A CHORE! AND THAT'LL HOLD FOR ANYTHING, ANYPLACE, ANYTIME!

William Boyd

WILLIAM "HOPALONG CASSIDY" BOYD'S LATEST FILMS ARE: "SILENT CONFLICT", "SINISTER JOURNEY", "FALSE PARADISE" AND "STRANGE GAMBLE"





SLOPPY THE PIG

IN A CLASS BY HIMSELF



ONE
AFTER-
NOON--

GEE, MOM GAVE ME SOME SPANKING! SHE SAID I WAS THE SLOPPIEST BOY IN THE WORLD!

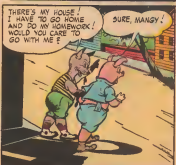


GOSH! LOOK AT THAT FELLOW! HE'S DIRTIER THAN I AM--- THAT'S THE KIND OF FRIEND I'D LIKE TO HAVE!



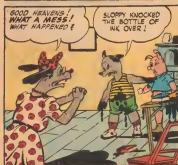
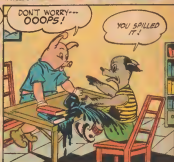
HELLO! I'D LIKE TO BE YOUR FRIEND! YOU LOOK NICE AND DIRTY! MY NAME'S SLOPPY!

OKAY, SLOPPY, I'LL BE YOUR FRIEND! MY NAME'S MANGY!



THERE'S MY HOUSE! I HAVE TO GO HOME AND DO MY HOMEWORK! WOULD YOU CARE TO GO WITH ME?

SURE, MANGY!



GIRLS!-BOYS! Get This New BEANIE 'COPTER

Only 25¢

with any wrapper from
Tootsie Rolls, Tootsie Fudge, or Tootsie Pops.

HOOTIN' ZOOTS! HERE'S A REAL
GENUINE BEANIE MOUNTED WITH
A 5-INCH HELICOPTER BLADE. SEE
IT SPIN LIKE A CYCLONE WHEN
YOU WALK OR RUN!

IT'S NEW! YOU'LL
MISS LOTS OF
FUN IF YOU DON'T
HAVE A REAL
TOOTSIE
BEANIE
'COPTER!
SEND TODAY

You'll whir with real live action, fellows and girls, when you wear this keen-looking new Tootsie BEANIE 'COPTER. You get a gay colored beanie, pressed into six sections, sharply scalloped around the edge and stitched. Top of the crown has a real metal sleeve-bearing mechanism on which is mounted a 5-inch helicopter blade. This blade comes in bright, flashing color designs.

It's a knockout! You can get as many beanies as you want. For each one send only 25 cents and any size wrapper from Tootsie Rolls, Tootsie Fudge, or Tootsie Pops. Rush coupon today. You'll be glad you did.

TOOTSIE ROLLS
Box 331, New York 8, N. Y.

You bet I want to be first in my neighborhood to sport a new Tootsie BEANIE 'COPTER. For each one I enclose 25¢ (in coin) and a wrapper from Tootsie Roll, Tootsie Fudge, or Tootsie Pop.

My Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

OFFER EXPIRES OCTOBER 31, 1948. SUPPLY LIMITED—FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED
Valid if taxed, restricted or forbidden by law in your state or municipality.
Offer good only in United States.

KEEN FOR
BIKE RIDING!

MORE FUN
SKATING!

CLASS WITH
A PUSHMOBILE!

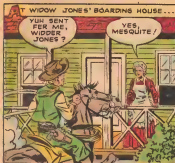


HOPALONG CASSIDY

... STARRING ...
WILLIAM BOYD in HAYRIDE HORROR



HAYRIDE HORROR! IT DOESN'T SOUND POSSIBLE, BUT WHEN HOPALONG CASSIDY'S DEPUTY, MESQUITE, TRIES TO TALK HIMSELF OUT OF TAKING WIDOW JONES ON A HAYRIDE, ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE!



AT WIDOW JONES' BOARDING HOUSE...

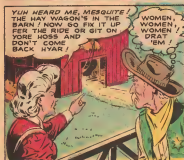
YUH SENT FER ME, WIDDER JONES?

YES, MESQUITE!



MUH BOARDERS ARE HAVIN' A HAYRIDE THIS AFTERNOON, AND I WANT YUH TUH TAKE ME ALONG!

I HATE TUH REFUSE, WIDDER JONES, BUT...





BOY, THIS
IS SHORE
HARD
WORK!



SHORTLY
AFTER...

WHEN!
I NEVER
THOUGHT
I'D GIT
FINISHED!



I STILL GOTTA FIGGER
OUT SOME WAY TUN
GIT OUTTA TAKIN'
WIDDER JONES ON
THE HAYRIDE OR
HOPALONG IS GONNA
BE MIGHTY
RILED UP!



MEANWHILE,
IN TOWN...

WHAT'S THIS? THOSE
TWO CRITTERS
LOOK LIKE
MOCAMBO JOE
AND TROCADERO
PETE!

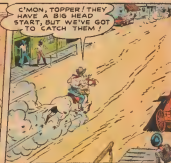
SHERIFF
TWIN RIVER
COUNTY
JAIL



HELP!
SHERIFF!
I'VE JEST
BIN ROBBED!
THE TWO HOMBRES
WENT THAT
WAY!



THAT SETTLES IT! NOW I'M
POSITIVE THEY'RE THE TWO
VARMINTS I'VE BEEN
LOOKING FOR!



C'MON, TOPPER! THEY
HAVE A BIG HEAD
START, BUT WE'VE GOT
TO CATCH THEM!

HOPALONG CASSIDY





A FEW MINUTES WORK
AND I WON'T HAVE TUH
GO ON THE HAYRIDE....
IN FACT, NOBODY WILL
HAVE TUH GO!



I'LL RIG UP THE WAGON
AND THEN RIDE IT INTO
A TREE / ALL I GOTTA DO
IS BREAK AN AXLE AND
THEY'LL PUT AN END
TUH THE HAYRIDE!



AND IN A FEW
MOMENTS....

I AIN'T STEPPED A FOOT
OUTTA THE HOUSE ALL
DAY, HOPALONGS / I AIN'T
SEEN ANY STRANGERS
'ROUND THESE HYAR PARTS,
BUT IF YUH LIKE, I'LL CALL
MESQUITE!



WAIT! HYAR
HE COMES
NOW!



WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH HIM? IT LOOKS
AS IF HE'S AIMING
TO CRASH THAT
WAGON INTO
A TREE!



MESQUITE DID IT DELIBERATELY...
JEST SO HE COULD GIT OUTTA
TAKIN' ME ON THE HAYRIDE!
I'LL FIX HIM!



HOLD IT, WIDOW
JONES! THERE ARE
THE TWO CROOKS
I'VE BEEN
LOOKING FOR!





Jack's TALKING DOG

COME AND SEE JACK'S TALKING DOG

OK

WHAT CAN HE SAY?

I'LL LET HIM TALK FOR YOU

CRACKER JACK
IS DELICIOUS, CRISPY
CANDY-COATED
POPCORN AND
PEANUTS

-AND THERE'S A SURPRISE NOVELTY IN EVERY BOX

LET'S TRY IT

THE MORE YOU EAT - THE MORE YOU WANT

Cracker Jack

toy

LOOK FOR CRACKER JACK
AT CONFECTION COUNTERS-DRUG CANDY AND GROCERY STORES-AT ALL CONCESSION STANDS IN AMUSEMENT PARKS CIRCUSES-CARNIVALS BALL PARKS-ZOO'S RESORTS AND RAIL-ROAD DEPOTS.

HILL BILLY

TIE-UP

PTT-WON!

SAY, HILL BILLY, THAT'S QUITE A TIE YOU'RE WEARIN'!

YUH SAID IT!

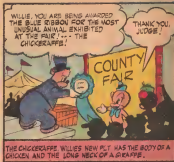
HOW'D YUH GIT IT?

I SAID IT IN A CATALOGUE.

YUH MEAN YUH SENT AWAY FOR IT?

NO...

I JUST CUT IT OUT OF THE CATALOGUE AND PASTED IT ON!



HOPALONG CASSIDY

THE BALLOONS SOON CARRY WILLIE AND SAMMY FAR AWAY AND OVER THE ROAD BEHIND THE ESCAPING CULPRITS.

LOOK, BOSS, THEY'RE FOLLOWIN' US WITH BALLOONS!

WE'LL FIX 'DEM! START SHOOTIN' AND BUST DE BALLOONS!

THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US!

OH! THERE GO SOME OF MY BALLOONS! I'M FALLING! HELP!

POP

BANG
BANG

UGH!

LOOK AT THESE NEW BALLOONS! GUESS I'LL KEEP THEM!

NEVER MIND THE BALLOONS! LET'S START RUNNING BEFORE THEY CATCH US!

THOUGHT Y'W WOULD FOLLOW WITH 'DEM BALLOONS, DIDJA?

IN DA CAR WITH 'EM AND HEAD FOR OUR HIDE-OUT.

THE THIEVES TAKE A SHORT-CUT AND HEAD OFF SAMMY AND WILLIE.

THAT NIGHT-- THE THIEVES CAMP IN THE DESERT HILLS.

I'LL BET WE CAN MAKE A FORTUNE WITH DIS COCK-EY-BO, CHICKERAPPE!

YEAH, BUT FOIST WE GOTTA GET RID O' DAT WORM AND HIS PAL!

DO YOU HEAR THAT, SAMMY? I GUESS THIS IS THE END FOR US!

SH-H-H-H... I'LL CUT THESE ROPES ON A CACTUS NEEDLE. I'LL HAVE US UNTIED IN A JIFFY!

SEE, SAMMY, BUT HOW CAN WE ESCAPE?

THE BALLOONS, WILLIE! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

IN A FEW MINUTES THE BALLOONS ARE ALL BLOWN UP.

THEY THINK WE'RE STILL TIED... SO WE TAKE A CACTUS NEEDLE AND....

I GET WHAT YOU MEAN, SAMMY! SH-RRP!



...START POPPING THE BALLOONS LIKE THIS, SEE?

THIS SURE OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!



BANG! BANG! BANG!

AN ATTACK! IT'S DE COPS! EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!



HEY...HELP ME GET THIS ONE!

SAMMY, HELP! WHERE ARE YOU? I CAN'T SEE IN THIS DARKNESS!



GOTCHA... OWOO!

TRYIN' TO GET AWAY-UPH!

OH, MY GOODNESS!



BANG!

WHEN WILLIE FALLS, HE POPS THE LAST BALLOON, AND...

...THE TWO THIEFS SURRENDER!

OKAY... DON'T SHOOT ANYMORE! WE GIVE UP!

YEAH...YUH GOT US!



A MOMENT LATER... USING THE THIEVES' OWN GUNS, WILLIE AND SAMMY FINISH THE JOB.

WE'LL TAKE THESE BIRDS BACK TO JAIL WHERE THEY BELONG!

GET 'EM!



EZRA OF THE OZARKS



HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

THE LAST HOPE!

GOSH ALL HEMLOCK!
THAT ROD HURLEY
SHORE IS THE
FANCIEST TRICK
RIDER I EVER SAW
IN A RODEO!

YOU CAN SAY
THAT AGAIN,
MESQUITE!

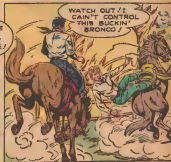


ONE AFTERNOON, IN
TWIN RIVER.....

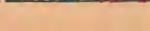
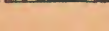
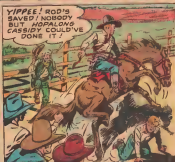


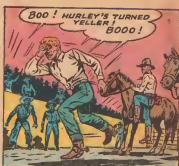
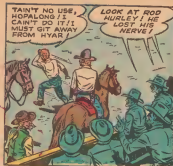
LOOK, HOPALONG—
SUMP'TIN'S GONE
WRONG!

THE HORSE
HAS BEEN
BLINDED BY
THE SMOKE!



WATCH OUT! I
CAIN'T CONTROL
THIS BUCKIN'
BRONCO!







I HEARD WHAT YOU JUST SAID, MIKE!



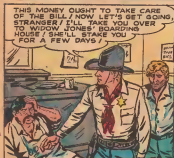
I DON'T THINK MUCH OF A CRITTER WHO WON'T STAKE A HUNGRY MAN TO A MEAL!

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, HOPALONG!



MAYBE THIS WILL TEACH YOU SOME TABLE MANNERS!

POW!



THIS MONEY OUGHT TO TAKE CARE OF THE BILL! NOW LET'S GET GOING, STRANGER! I'LL TAKE YOU OVER TO WIDOW JONES' BOARDING HOUSE! SHE'LL STAKE YOU FOR A FEW DAYS!



WHAT...GOSH, YOU'RE ROD HURLEY! I HARDLY RECOGNIZED YOU!

THAT'S RIGHT, SHERIFF! BUT THIS AIN'T THE ROD HURLEY YUH ONCE KNEW!



EVER SINCE I FELL OFF THEY HOSS I'VE BIN APPEARED TUN GIT BACK ON ONE, AND SINCE THAR AIN'T NO OTHER WAY I KIN MAKE A LIVIN'—I'VE BECOME WHUT YUH SEE—JEST A TRAMP!

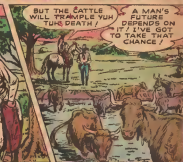
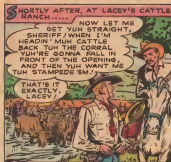
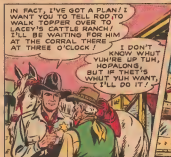
I RECKON I CAN HELP YOU, ROD! YOU'RE COMING UP TO MY RANCH WITH ME!

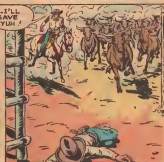
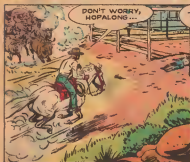
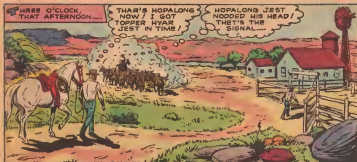


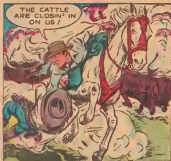
A FEW DAYS LATER...

THOSE FEW DAYS REST HAVE DONE YOU A WORLD OF GOOD! YOU'RE BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE YOUR OLD SELF AGAIN! NOW I WANT TO SEE YOU ACTING LIKE YOUR OLD SELF, TOO! LET'S SEE YOU GET ON THAT HORSE!

I'LL TRY!



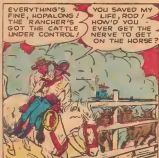




THE CATTLE
ARE CLOSIN' IN
ON US!

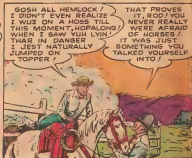


BUT THEY'LL
NEVER
GIT US!



EVERYTHING'S
FINE, HOPALONG!
THE RANCHER'S
GOT THE CATTLE
UNDER CONTROL!

YOU SAVED MY
LIFE, ROD!
HOW'D YOU
EVER GET THE
NERVE TO GET
ON THE HORSE?



GOSH ALL HEMLOCK!
I DIDN'T EVEN REALIZE
I WUZ ON A HOSS TILL
THIS MOMENT, HOPALONG!
WHEN I SAW YUH LYIN'
THAR IN DANGER
I JEST NATURALLY
JUMPED ON
TOPPER!

THAT PROVES
IT, ROD! YOU
NEVER REALLY
WERE AFRAID
OF HORSES!
IT WAS JUST
SOMETHING YOU
TALKED YOURSELF
INTO!



I KIN NEVER THANK YUH
ENOUGH, HOPALONG!
YUH GAVE ME BACK
MUH SELF-RESPECT!



WEEKS LATER...

LOOK AT THET
ROD RIDE! THAR'S
NO BETTER TRICK
RIDER IN ANY
ROPEO!

IT ONLY GOES TO PROVE
THAT NO MAN SHOULD
LET ONE LITTLE MISHAP
RUIN HIS
WHOLE
LIFE!

AMERICA'S GREATEST JUNIOR TYPEWRITER VALUE!

famous
Simplex PORTABLE
TYPEWRITER

Only \$2⁹⁸
Post Paid

A KEY FOR EACH LETTER

*It's Fast!
It's Easy!
It's Efficient!
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PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WORK...

...IDEAL FOR SMALL BUSINESSES!

Yes, it's back again... but only in limited quantities! We've managed to obtain a limited number of these fast, efficient typewriters that we can offer you at a price you can't beat! Now, for only \$2.98 you can enjoy the speed and accuracy of a Simplex Typewriter with new improved features:

- ★ Automatic Inking Operation
- ★ An Individual Key For Each Letter
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- ★ Shifts From CAPITAL to SMALL LETTERS

Hey Kids! ... like to make a big hit with teachers and get better grades in school? It's easy when you turn in neat, accurately typed papers. Don't delay a moment longer! Order your Simplex Portable Typewriter today and find out how much fun it is to do your homework the easy, time-saving way!

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Steel
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SEND NO MONEY

Merely clip ad and mail to-day. Then pay postman only \$2.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If not delighted return untampered within 10 days for a speedy refund.



AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. ST 53

**YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP LIKE MAGIC
BECAUSE YOU**

Make Money With Your Own

A Real Money-Maker
For You ... Because

**FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP
YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE NOW IT WORKS!**

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneless Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because everyone wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: It's easy to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

SEND NO MONEY: send only your name and address. Then pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.

**JUKE BOX
BANK**



\$1⁹⁸
Post Paid
Complete With
Battery & Bulb

Put Your Coins in
Slot and Press-in!

**JUKE BOX
BLAZES WITH LIGHT
AS IT FLASHES:**

It's Wise to be Thrifty

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ADVENTURES OF "R.C." and QUICKIE

